

OF THE

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CHARACTERS

OF

MEN.

AN EPISTLE TO RALPH ALLEN, Esq;

Justum & tenacem propositi Virum. HORAT.



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LONDON:

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OF THE
CHARACTERS
OF
M. E. N.

An Epistle to Ralph Allen, Esq;

By John O. Johnson, Proprietor of the
Herald.



LONDON:
Printed for M. COOPER, in Pall-mall.
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And claim the Privilege of Britain's Son,
To own their Laws are just, yet follow none.

OF THE

CHARACTERS

That Crown, red with Blood of Man's Kind,
Who dar'd the free-born Sons to bind,
Still reigns the Idol of the living Breath,

MEN.

Benign and soft as the genial Ray,
Parent King, who plant'd the virtuous Frame,

Thou to Shades of **PRIOR PARK** retired,

Who taste serene what **ATTICUS** admired,

What **TULLY** says declining Life requires,

When Observation damps our youthful Fires;

That art skill'd the critic Touch to trace,

marks each Character of human Race;

varying Tint, and Feature to explain,

flowing Courtier, or of simple Swain;

nor retouch the Portraits of my Song?

mark their Errors as you pass along?

No finish'd Piece, where Colours, Parts unite
 Strength, Taste, Design, Expression, Shade and Light,
 One happy whole. I offer to your Eyes,
 Sketches touch'd singly as the Objects rise,
 And claim the Privilege of *Britain's* Son,
 To own these Laws are just, yet follow none.

Say whence it springs, that Men, unstung with Shame,
 Gaze Approbation on a Tyrant's Fame :
 That *Cæsar*, red with Blood of half Mankind,
 Who dar'd the free-born Sons of *Rome* to bind,
 Still reigns the Idol of th' aspiring Breast,
 His Empire env'd, and his Crimes caress'd.
 Whilst Heaven-taught *Numa*, mild as opening Day,
 Benign and fost'ring as the genial Ray,
 Parental King ; who plann'd the virtuous Frame,
 Whence rose the Greatness of the *Roman* Name,
 Unmention'd, unadmir'd, in Silence lies.
 Thus lives Ambition, and thus Virtue dies.

Nor Tyrants only win this wrong Applause,
 Whate'er destroys, our Admiration draws.
Vesuvius thus, that frantic pours around
 His vengeful Fires, and cleaves the trembling Ground
 That burns, and buries neath its livid Wave,
 Men, Herds, and Cities in one common Grave,

Of every Tongue is still the darling Tale;
 When *Albion's* grass-clad Hills, and fertil'st Vale,
 Whose countless Flocks, *Arcadian* Folds excel,
 Where rosy Health, and laughing Plenty dwell,
 And prattling Mirth, and Innocence serene,
 Frisk in the Shade, and animate the Scene,
 Lie unobserv'd, unsung their Charms and Name,
 Whilst Fires, Plagues, Earthquakes, fill the Voice of Fame.

Is it the Lust of all Things to controul,
 Approves the vicious Purpose of the Soul?
 Or strange Desire gainst Heaven to rebel?
 That Crime by which the great Archangel fell.
 Whate'er the Cause, th' unlovely Truth's too plain,
 Virtue invites Apostate Man in vain.
 If not Ambition, Avarice, Pride, or Lust,
 With-holds this lordly Being, form'd of Dust;
 Or dancing jocund Rounds in Pleasure's Train,
 He spurns at Virtue, and her home-spun Reign.
 Some reigning Passion still, with high Controul,
 Binds to her Will th' Exertions of his Soul.

Yet there are those, whom no one Law can bind,
 No ruling Passion steer the shifting Mind,
 Nor Reason's Dictates, Sense, nor Faith obey,
 Slaves to Caprice, they own no other Sway.

What

What is She then? Some Principle distinct?
 Or some Result of all the others linkt?
 Hard to decide, yet easily defin'd,
Vertumnus feels it in his whiffling Mind,
 Contrasted Being, ever in Extreme,
 A Whim each Action, and his Life a Dream,
 Now lost in *Locke*, in *Newton* now perplex'd,
 To Day an Infidel, a Saint the next,
 A Patriot now for *Britain* drown'd in Sorrow,
 Then snug with *P* ——— sells himself *To-morrow*;
 Give me, says he, plain Beef and humble Ale,
 And dines that Day at twice two Pounds the Meal,
 Now for the easy Hour the slumb'ring Shade,
 In public now, by every Eye survey'd,
 Damn'd be that Priest, he cries, who first confin'd
 That sovereign Man to one of Woman-kind,
 Give me the Sex, and at that very Minute
 His lac'd Coat Pocket has his Licence in it,
 Then all in Charity, and then in Play,
 Now mad in Claret, and now hipp'd in Tea,
 To Day a plain Cloth Coat's the usual Task,
 The next beprig'd, bepigtail'd, and belac'd:
 Thus thro' the chequer'd Round of Whimsies ranging,
 Constant in Nothing but always changing,
 Nor Vice nor Virtue find you in the Whole;
 (These spring from Inclination in the Soul)

A standing Lake that ev'ry Object shows,
And but directed by the Wind that blows.

Behold *Novato* seated next my Lord,
Bets the genteelest at the gaming Board.
Who then shall dare *Novato* to reproach,
Whom *Europe* saw behind his Master's Coach,
By Birth a *Swiss*, by Parentage a *Jew*,
A Pimp by breeding, and by Practice too;
Then styleing Count descends on *Britain's* Shore,
There weds Deformity, or some cast Where;
Commences Gamester, haunts each public Place,
Scorns ev'ry Party, but of Lady *Grace*,
Drinks, games and whores with many a noble Peer,
For whom he'd pimp'd, or waited at their Chair,
For Virtue dead, Distinction lives no more,
And but one Sin, the Sin of being Poor.)
Now high ten Thousand, now two Guineas low
In Hopes and Fears, as round the Letters go,
His Fate depending on a Single O,
Who of this painful Pelf to be posses,
Would bear the Rendings of a Sharper's Breast?
Who but must sigh, that thinks of *Britain's* Fate,
Her Lords Companions to a public Cheat!

Capricious

Capricious Isle, where Heaven in vain has sent,
 It's choicest Joys to cure our Discontent;
 Where ev'ry Vagrant Foreigner finds Rest,
 And ev'ry Soul except the Native's blest;
 He's still too easy e'er of Ease to taste,
 Brimful with Bliss he nauseates the Repast,
 Feels too much Freedom ever to be free,
 And too great Pleasure once to sip of Glee,
 Too vig'rous quite, t' enjoy the Charms of Health,
 By much too rich to know the Joys of Wealth;
 With nought to ask, yet ever to complain,
 And growl Rebellion, even in George's Reign.

But who is He with Ladies in a Ring,
 That *Namby Pamby* civil, simpering Thing;
 Of He—She Mein, so delicate of Feature,
 The Friend profess'd, of ev'ry human Creature,
 Whose Lips with sweet Endearment overflow,
 A Tongue humanely warm, a Heart of Snow,
 Innocuous quite, with Virgins may repose,
 He sips the Dew, but never hurts the Rose,
 Knows no lewd Passion, Man but in his Make,
 The friendly Lizard, not th' invenom'd Snake;
 To Right and Wrong, without Distinction, civil,
 He treats alike the Angel and the Devil:

Capricious

Wagtail

Vagtail's a Wit, *Nigrilla* much a Beauty,
Priapus decent, C——e perform'd his Duty,
 How then her modest Eye shall Merit raise,
 When Folly, thousands strong, meets greater Praise,
 Or Truth gain Passage to th' obstructed Ear,
 That shuns the candid Tongue of Friend sincere,
 Friendship's the Fruit, Civility the Leaf,
 The Corn sustaining, and the grainless Sheaf,
 One, Bullion Gold, the other, flimsy spread,
 That gilds with specious Face, or Dross or Lead.

In *Plato's* Page, who deigns to read may find,
 Or if he please observe in human Kind,
 Two Kinds of Ignorance to Man were sent,
 Destructive one, and one quite innocent;
 This knowing little, knows his Thought's extreme,
 Nor dares the giddy Height or whirling Stream,
 Content and grateful for the Lot that's given,
 Hopes and believes the Christian has his Heaven,
 Directs no other, seeks no separate Road,
 Obeys the Laws of Man, and Laws of God,
 Below our Envy, not below our Praise,
 Blest in a calm innocuous Length of Days.

Had *Tyndal* harmless thus his Moments past,
 He had not felt the Terrors of the Last,

Nor impious form'd with Conscience still at strife,
 That Scheme to square his Principles and Life.
 Thus moderate Sense and Modesty may be,
 The happy State; the other let us see,
 Who bold t' assert and bolder to defend,
 Wrong the first Word, and wronger at the End,
 Boist'rous to execute, and rash t' advise,
 Knows ev'ry thing but this, that he's not wise,
 Important Truth unluckily conceal'd,
 Worth all the Store lavishly reveal'd,
 With hood-wink'd Eyes he shoots at flying Game,
 A Point to Space he errs not in his Aim.
 Thus *Mortifer* pronouncing all to save,
 Still in Mistake, sends *Thousands* to their Grave,
 And *Quirk* in blund'ring Arrogance compleat,
 Sinks in the Cause, the Client and Estate.
 Shun such, my Friend, more cautious than the Knave;
 If long you mean to live, or much to have:
 Your Interest and the Knave's the same may be,
 To cheat himself he will not pilfer thee,
 Whilst hardy Ignorance never steering true,
 The Cargo shipwrecks, and o'erwhelms the Crew.

In Cowards thus th' Analogy holds good,
Puffin's Phlegm, *Sanguine's* boiling Blood,

Puffilo snug in Cowardice and Ease,
 Heroes and Kings may combat if they please,
 In *Falstaff's* whole-boned Catechism well taught,
 Thinks Fame by Death and Wounds too dearly bought,
 Renounces Honour as the greater Evil,
 Than Pumps and Vanities the Flesh and Devil,
 Careless if *Saxe* or *William* win the Laurel,
 And safe himself how *Europe* ends the Quarrel.

Sanguineo blusters with impetuous Lungs,
 Talks much of *Britain's* King and *Britain's* Wrongs,
 " Dam me, says he, I'd teach them to rebel,
 " Did I command, I'd send the Dogs to Hell :
 " There's not a General left amongst the Whole,
 " *Jolt* has no Head, and *Timidus* no Soul,
 " There's *Preston Pans*, and that damn'd Fellow —
 " I knew the Dogs, and never form'd a Hop,
 " Had I commanded — but I say no more,
 " Yet my poor Country's Fate I must deplore.

The World believes the Man obtains Command,
 And threat'ning Thunders grumble thro' the Land.
 " No *Scot* shall live, they know my Name and me,
 " And pale Rebellion at my Sight shall flee,
 With Heart of Gun-Powder, so apt to fire,
 Catch in a Blaze, and in a Bounce expire,

To threaten much, and nothing to perform,
 To wish for Dangers, yet to dread a Storm,
 Dup'd by Contempt, in Arrogance secure,
 Lull'd in th' Embraces of a Rebel Whore,
 Such was the Man on ——— shameful Day,
 Who came, who saw not, and who ran away.

Like *Thraso* first t' engage, and first to part,
 In Look a Lion, but a Hare at Heart;
 The fatal Consequence each Boy can tell,
 How *Albion* suffer'd, and how *C——* fell.

Happy for Man that still with just Controul,
 Nature sustains the Balance of the Whole,
 Whate'er Ambition or Revenge destroys,
 The gracious Heart of Charity supplies.
 If *Herod* fate, with infant Blood, the Grave,
Coleston shall educate and *Coram* save.
 If *Nero* slay thro' Wantonness, or Rage;
Brunswick brings Peace and saves a thankless Age:
 And Virtue driven from *Europe's* Courts by Force,
 Dwells at *La Plata's* or the *Niger's* Source,
 Where Fraud nor Commerce yet Admittance find,
 Nor Man inhuman traffics in Mankind.
 There deep in Shades the liberal Goddess pours,
 Profusion sweet of calm unenvying Hours.

Prompts the brave Heart by Glory's Love alone;
And weeps the Fate of *Albion* once her own.

Thus as the natural World, the Moral's found,
No smooth Expanse, and no quite perfect Round,
Tyrants are Mountains of tremendous Height,
Their central Distance counterpois'd by Weight.

In Disproportion thus the Planets move,
Mars less than Earth and *Saturn* less than *Jove*;
Nature on Worlds may different Laws impress,
To counter-act the Bigger by the Less,
Or poize by Comets the whole Universe.

But stay, my Muse, you need not speed the Wing,
To distant Worlds to prove the Facts you sing.

Each Individual may this Truth impart,
By Turns corrected by the Head or Heart.

Imarmenes, deep train'd in *Hobbes's* School,
Conceives Free-Agent, but a Name for Fool,
With Look askance, and philosophick Sneer,
Derides the Vanity of human Care.

What *Solon* plann'd, what *Marlborough* atchiev'd,
Newton discover'd, or *Gustave* retriev'd,
All *Verulam* foresaw, or *Mead* has heal'd,
Folkes has encourag'd, or what *Hale* reveal'd,

" Th' energetic Power of Eloquence display'd, and its mighty

" By *Prat*, yet living, or by *Tully* dead; to still our speech and

" The grasping Wish, the Heaven-instructing Prayer,

" The curse Self-hurting, and the Hope of Air;

" Whate'er in Arts, Arms, Science, has been done,

" That Fate produc'd, that rules the steady Sun:

" Ev'n *Stanhope's* Wit, the Rival of its Rays,

" Shines from that Source with one unclouded Blaze,

" Thence *Granville* rivals fam'd *Demosthenes*;

" And Heaven vouchsafes to *Hardwick's* Decrees;

" Thence *Heath*, inraptur'd, tastes the fairest Things,

" And knows in Nature whence their Beauty springs,

" Oh! quick to Light reveal thy critic Store,

" The World shall mourn *Longinus* lost no more.

To distant Worlds to prove the Falsity of

" Can you conceive the all-permeating Soul,

" Who of Existence form'd one perfect Whole,

" Where thousand Suns, and thousand Systems stand,

" In firm Connection with the Grains of Sand:

" And Thought in Insects, too minute for Sight,

" Soars by Gradation to the Seraph's Height,

" Where all obeys th' immutable Decree,

" Has form'd Mankind the only Being free,

" No Wheel, Spring, Power, within the grand Machine,

" Infect extraneous to the general Scene,

" To what has encouraged, or what has revealed,

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To sport its life, to propagate and die,
 Whose ~~the~~ the useleſs Race ſupply,
 When our Hairs the deſtin'd Tale exceed,
 Nor falls a Sparrow, till by Heaven decreed.

" Oh! blind to Truth, to Heaven's all righteous Plan,

To think that Freedom e'er belong'd to Man;

That Heaven the ſelf-will'd Animal has ſent,

With Powers to counteract its firſt Intent,

To cruſh an Inſect, or a Monarch kill,

And daſh Creation by one injur'd Wheel.

" Know then, Exiſtence does embrace the Whole,

Of lifeleſs Matter, and of thinking Soul;

Exuberant Source, whence infinitely ſprings,

Each Mode of Thinking, and each Form of Things,

In Streams for ever parallel, that ſtray,

And but one Law, the Law of Fate obey.

" Mark thro' each Element, with curious Eye,

From ſluggiſh Earth, to Fire that ſeeks the Sky,

No Form's ſelf-cauſ'd, no Motion ſelf-begun,

From Nile's Half-Monſters to the circling Sun.

" The ſame Fatality in Thought we prove,

From Upton's Dream, to Addiſon's from Jove;

" The

" The vague Half-Notions of a *Dursey* Head, that sit of

" To all that *Shakespear* more than human, whose

" As when the Ocean's smooth and sleeping Face,

" The Morning Gales awaken as they pass,

" The gentle Breeze the gentle Billow moves,

" The Waves increasing, as the Wind improves

" Till *Boreas*' Blasts the wat'ry World deform,

" And all th' Horizon trembles in the Storm.

" Thus the mild Object, mildly moves the Breast,

" Th' Idea growing as the Power's impress,

" Till swol'n to Rage, it breaks thro' all Controul;

" For Anger is the Tempest of the Soul.

" Love is Attraction; and Repulsion Hate,

" Alike in Matter, and in Soul innate,

" Each Thought, each Act, impelling and impell'd;

" Within in thinking, as without beheld;

" Each caused and causing, thro' the Round, we see;

" (And all Causation is Necessity;)

" Thro' various Fates of Modes and Changes past,

" Sinks in the one Original at last.

" This a humbler then, nor impiously unaw'd,

" Yourselfs exalting, thus debase your God.

" For proudly thus assuming to be free,

" You ravish Præscience from the Deity."

Thus spake *Imagines*, and Nature smil'd,
 he knew how easy Systems may be foil'd,
 The rebel Heart, whence Passion takes its Source,
 Overbears the Reason's cool inactive Force;
 Destroys each Fabric which the Head may plan,
 and sinks the Stoic in mere mortal Man.
 Placeman dead, *Imagines* applies,
 Moves ev'ry Friend, and ev'ry Method tries;
 Denied, persists, pursues the flying Great,
 To change th' inalterable Doom of Fate.
 For wed what Systems, and what Schemes you will,
 Nature returns, and will be Mistress still.

How different, *Ottoso*, is thy Strain,
 Thou hat'st th' illiberal Thought, that Man's Machine;
 That poignant Thought, which wounds each generous Mind,
 and ties to Earth the Virtue of Mankind.
 If then from Fate, thou criest, each Action springs,
 Whence the essential Difference of Things?
 Why flows the Tear for Virtue in Distress?
 Whence springs that Hate for Villains in Success?
 Why bright in Joy shines ev'ry Eye to see,
Fredrick, thy Royal Progeny and Thee?
 We need nor *Seer*, nor *Sybil* to explain,
 Th' auspicious Days that wait thy rising Reign;
 The Father, Husband, speak thee Heaven design'd,
 More strong than Prophecy, to bless Mankind,

" To rule thy People happy, brave, and free,
 " And teach thy Sons to love fair Liberty;
 " Taught from the Throne, each Excellence w^t improve,
 " Thy Queen our Pattern, and our Duty Love.
 " For Thee each Science lingers in the Land;
 " The Muse dejected, waits thy Accents Bland,
 " Our happy Plains no native Blood shall stain,
 " No rebel Thought disturb thy righteous Reign:
 " But Learning, Loyalty, and Peace prevail,
 " For Virtue conquers, where the Sword shall fail.

" Why weeps the Mother o'er the licken'd Child?
 " Why grieves the Soul by Fate unreconcil'd?
 " Or if kind Heaven, in Pity to her Grief,
 " Sends at the dubious Hour unhop'd Relief;
 " Will Fate the ardent Gratitude controul?
 " The warm Thanksgiving of a Parent's Soul.
 " Why glows the Heart, whene'er that Tale is told,
 " (If yet one Heart is uncorrupt with Gold)
 " An offer'd Kingdom when *Fabritius* scorn'd,
 " In Patriot-Love and Poverty adorn'd?
 " What Man so weak, so fond of vital Breath,
 " Who envies not *Epaminondas*' Death?
 " With him his Country's Fame began, was lost,
 " Himself more worth than all the *Theban* Host.

" Why *Regulus*, thy *Constancy* admire?

" Self-doom'd for *Rome* in Tortures to expire.

" Or catch *Enthusiasm* from the *Decian* Deeds?

" Or drop th' applauding Tear, when *Arria* bleeds?

" Will all the levelling Subtleties of Fate,

" Take from *Eliza* Love, from *Cromwell* Hate?

" From venal *Scaurus* wash the purple Shame?

" Or stay the Curse at brutal *Borgia's* Name?

" Why bold in Truth? why trembling in a Lye?

" Can Praise, or Blame, attend Necessity?

" Whence does it spring, if since the first fair Sun,

" Fate has o'errul'd our Actions as they run,

" That general Truth, from Millions still conceal'd,

" Is to the Philosophic Few reveal'd?

" That Government, Religion, all shou'd be

" To Man directed, as a Being free?

" Can Falsehood to the Charge of Heaven be laid?

" Or God misguide the Creature it has made?

" Then own thy Rashness, disavow that Plan,

" That contradicts the Laws of God to Man.

" For search the World, new Arguments to find,

" That must be wrong that does not suit Mankind.

" Surely some Monster of infernal Mind,

" To wound fair Virtue's Honour this design'd,

" Each Scorpion Crime of Poison to divest,

" And quell strong Conscience struggling in the Breast.

" But hold, you cry, I see the sly Intent,

" You steal from Passion moral Sense, assent.

" Let Reason judge — the Judge then let her be ;

" Then she determines all's Necessity.

" For if the Acts of Humankind be free,

" Then knows Omniscience not Futurity.

" Check the rash Thought, Infinity to scan,

" You talk of God immortal, as of Man,

" And mad with Pride your mole-eyed Reason place,

" For Heaven's own Reason, which does all embrace,

" Where Sense, Faith, Passion, all that you despise,

" Are spotless Wisdom in the One all-wise.

" Præscience even perfect, but implies, *to be,*

" *Is* only *Is*, relates to Deity.

" Not form'd of Parts of coming, passing, past,

" Instant eternal without first or last,

" And from your Principles at length 'twill rest,

" You make th' Almighty perfect Man at best,

" With *Tytan* Hands attack the blest Abode,

" And prop your System, tho' you sink your God.

" But we'll examine with impartial Eye,

" How from Causation springs Necessity:

Nothing's self-caused. " The Truth then let it be,

" Thus Freedom follows from Fatality.

" For sure some Cause has given th' Idea Birth,

" Or Chance has dropt it to the Sons of Earth,

" Then like the Pelican, if one holds good,

" You feed your Offspring with your vital Blood;

" Strange to conceive from Fate there shou'd arise,

" Th' Existence which that very Fate denies.

" If Chance allow'd, a Giant you create,

" That strikes alike at Providence and Fate.

" Mark the Condition of the human Mind,

" To one Idea scantily confin'd;

" It sees successive, and perhaps from thence,

" Deems that Effect, which is but Consequence,

" Or misconceiving, giddy may miscall,

" The least concurring, the sole Cause of all,

" Thus tho' the learn'd assert, the purple Death,

" Sprung from th' envenom'd Vapours of the Earth,

" Which ravaged *Athens*, if the Truth we knew,

" It pois'd perhaps some Famine at *Peru*;

" Or in some distant Star conceiv'd its Birth,

" Whose Rays malignant then first reach'd this Earth,

" Shou'd the rude Peasant of yon cloud-capp'd Hill,

" In *Newton's* Spite affirm the Earth stood still,

" How

" How at that hardy Ignorance you'll Incer,

" Yet thou to weigh eternal Truth shalt dare;

" To bound the Limits of Almighty Power,

" Thou dust-born Being, Insect of an Hour.

" Can in the Scale of Man that Diff'ence be,

" That stands between the God of all and thee.

" Know then, the human Reason, like the Eye,

" Perceives distinct the Good or Evil nigh,

" With Powers adapted to the Rank assign'd,

" Link of th' angelic and the brutal Kind.

" But as the Object from the Ken removes,

" With Distance still the growing Doubt improves;

" Till undistinguished if or Earth or Sky,

" Lost is the Reason in Uncertainty.

Thus free t' exert each Talent, or Controul,

See sleepy Sloth enervate all his Soul:

Sunk in the easy Chair and drowzy Dress,

The whileing Snuff his faithful Fingers press,

Near him two snoring Dogs, his Fav'rites lie,

The untaught Children to the Kitchen lie,

Unstock'd the Farm, untenanted th' Estates;

Fast falls the Water thro' the gaping Slates;

The faucy Servant, untrimm'd Horse declare,

Eternal Indolence, and absent Care.

Warm in Philosophy, in Action cool,
 Sees Nature right, and follows like a Fool;
 Keen the few Foibles of his Friends to find,
 To his own Faults, by deep Indulgence, blind;
 Performing nothing, leaving nought unsaid,
 One strange Antithesis of Hand and Head;
 In Sentiment resembling much the Bee,
 That sipping sips the Rosy Dew so free;
 Dormouse in Action, lazy in Extreme,
 He wakes to eat, then dozes thro' the Dream.

Happy were Britain did those Laws obtain,
 That bless'd the Persians in Cambyzes' Reign;
 Where, in one School, was taught the Nation's Youth,
 To reverence Justice, and to honour Truth;
 The Act ungrateful, and the blighting Lye,
 As Crimes consider'd, met Severity;
 There Law and Liberty were but one Thing,
 The Subjects Children, and their Sire the King,
 Then Merit gave each Dignity its Grace,
 The first in Excellence, was first in Place;
 Nor cou'd the Gold of Ophir and Peru
 Gild the base Heart, but that the Knave look'd thro';
 Nor General, rotten from the lewd Embrace,
 March braver Men to Slaughter and Disgrace.

There,

There, if of Genius th' emanating Ray,
 Shone forth Partaker of Celestial Day,
 With vital Warmth it cheer'd the Sons of Earth,
 And blest that Nation which had given it Birth.
 Reign'd but such Laws, where Warburton was born,
 Whom Genius, Learning, Science, Art, adorn;
 Who wrests the Dagger from each impious Hand,
 That stabs the fair Religion of our Land;
 He'd not remain'd undignify'd till now,
 Shame to that Source whence Dignities must flow.
 Whilst many a Doctor, who with leaden Tread
 Have pac'd thro' Realms, where Learning rear'd her Head,
 Who o'er Inscriptions, poring for Renown,
 Discover'd V was A turn'd upside down,
 Or dipp'd in Darknes at old Nilus Urn,
 One palpable Obscurity return,
 Or from old Walls with Moss and Ivy foul,
 Betray themselves by hooting like the Owl.
 Those rise to Deans to Bishops by Degrees,
 And creep by Dulness into Dignities.

There cou'd no Sire o'erweaning doom his Son
 In vain to Learning, that was born a Drone,
 Nor teaze with generous Thoughts the brutal Mind,
 By Heaven alone vouchsaf'd to Souls refin'd,

What brainless Herds, now lost around the Bar,
 Might serve their Country in the Deeds of War.
 What Crowds of Doctors, then from Murder free,
 Had slain the Ox with vast Dexterity.
 And Priests so plump that bellow forth Hell-fire,
 Gain'd Fame, as Huntsmen hollowing for the Squire.
 For chuse what Colleges, and Schools you can,
 You may disguise, but not transform the Man;
 The Stock unsound your nicest Skill shall baulk,
 You graff a Nectarine on a rotten Stalk.

But take a Tale, and if I manage well,
 Twill prove the Truth of what I meant to tell.
 A Father once a senseless Son begot,
 Of many a Father no uncommon Lot.
 He saw his Booby thro' the Parent's Glass,
 Fond of her Youngling is the Mother Ass.
 Who shall persuade the dark ill bodeing Owl,
 Her round fac'd Offspring's not the fairest Fowl.
 Base was his Heart, and Saturnine his Head,
 Yet still to Science must the Boy be bred,
 As thro' the circling Hoop with dextrous Haste,
 The Tumbler flew untouching as he past.
 Or as my Lord that posting forth for Rome,
 Sets out a Dunce, and comes a Coxcomb Home,

So did our Fondling at the College fare,
 He left that Pittance which he carried there,
 But brought the sapient Wig, square Shoes, and Cloak,
 And Sword, that hung about him like a Joke.
 Thus like the Silk-Worm cover'd was his Skin,
 And like it too a very Grub within.

External Doctor, forth he came to kill,
 The World was wise, and wou'd not buy the Bill.
 Gold was his God, and tho' he much enjoy'd,
 He had that Thirst which never cou'd be cloy'd,
 This Thirst *Circean*, wond'rous strange to tell,
 Transform'd the Doctor, thus the Thing befell.
 His solemn Wig each Day grew less profound;
 The square nosed Shoes insensibly turn'd round:
 The fainting Scarlet left th' astonish'd Cloak;
 His hollow Cane to Glister-Pipes was broke;
 The faithful Glove its old and steady Friend,
 A Bladder grew, and fasten'd at the End.
 The useless Sword a Spatula became,
 His dirty Soul continued still the same,
 Sunk to the meanest of the squirting Tribe,
 He gave that Glister which he shou'd prescribe.
 Broods like a Capon o'er the unfledg'd Lye;
 And cheers the Mischief till't has Wings to fly.

awns the black Hint that crawling forth malign,
 ill poisons Honesty with whisper'd Spleen,
 links like a Cur that steals from Door to Door,
 and spreads Infection like a Common Whore.
 The Church he damns, but bellows for the King,
 action in him the Curse and bellowing.
 Talk of you Taxes hard, he'll give the Whole,
 then stopp'd his Windows and the Duty stole,
 or Loyalty ne'er warm'd that icy Heart,
 Where bland Humanity possest no Part.
 And that his Soul no kind Compassion knew,
 Take this one Instance of a hundred True.

Not far from *Bristol* in a Vale retired,
 Three Pounds a Year a frugal Peasant hired,
 the Land was B——y's, and the circling Day,
 will brought the Peasant with his Rent to pay;
 for many Year with chearful Heart he gain'd,
 What five young Children and his Wife maintain'd;
 the lowing Cow supplied their milky Store;
 and Peace, sweet Blessing dwelt within their Door.
 But as unsteady is the Bliss of Man,
 the fatal Day of *Colin's* Woe began.
 Death disregarding snatch'd his much lov'd Wife,
 the slaughtering Fever threaten'd *Colin's* Life.

His eldest Girl, his whole Assistance now;
 And all their Sustenance the grateful Cow.
 Past was the annual Day, three Pounds was due,
 In B———ly's Breast the Dread of losing grew.
 Then to the sickening Swain he sily hied,
 What, honest *Colin*, art thou sick, he cry'd?
 Some slight Disease, attended with a Cough,
 I'll send a Med'cine that shall take it off.
 You'll spoil that half milk'd Cow on yonder Field;
 I'll drive it home, and send the Milk 'twill yield.
 The Cow was driven, the Landlord paid his Rent,
 No Med'cine came, no Pail of Milk was sent,
 Too prudent he to send one penny forth,
 Who took that Minute all the Peasant's Worth.
 For Av'rice rul'd his thirsty Soul alone;
 That Gorgon Crime that turns each Heart to Stone.
 The starving Children wept around his Bed;
 Grief and the Fever seiz'd poor *Collin's* Head.
 Enraged at B———ly's Cruelty he cried,
 Repay that Villain Heaven, then groan'd and dy'd.

Far as the ruddy Orient from the West,
 Or the pure Seraph from the prone-ey'd Beast,
 The gradual Scale of various Man extends,
 Diff'rent their Passions, Intellects, and Ends,

Thus Dirt-born *B—ly* joins th' Hyæna Kind,
 Whilst *Allen* touches Heaven with Soul refin'd.

O Thou of happiest Head, and purest Heart,
 Reason to judge, and Passion to exert;
 Thou know'st from Delicacy springs our Pain,
 And Merit sighs not, if Thou hear'st, in vain;
 The drooping Genius secret you relieve,
 The Bliss in having, but the Joy to give.

Ye sterile Tribe, ye unrestoring Grave;
 Ye Misers, thankless to the God that gave,
 Who bear, like Mules, of Fruit the luscious Load,
 Still mumbling Thistles thro' the dirty Road;
 Did ye conceive the Raptures which attend,
 The generous Joy to save a sinking Friend;
 How wou'd ye curse that dark denying Heart,
 Which cannot taste its Plenty, nor impart;
 Lip-deep in Gold, full flowing to the Brink,
 Ye thirst eternal, and ye dare not drink.

O *Allen*, Friend of Man, how diff'rent Thou,
 Who seek'st the sweet Occasion to bestow,
 To spare th' ingenuous Lip the irksome Task,
 Which gauls each liberal Mind, that Pain to ask.

Long had the Springs of *Bladud* pour'd their Health,
 Like Man, too partial to the Sons of Wealth :
 The friendless Poor, yet more distress'd with Pain,
 Sigh'd for the healing Wave, and sigh'd in vain.
 With Justice, Charity had reach'd the Skies,
 From Heaven they ask Relief, nor Heaven denies.
 Swift as the Sun-Beam the coelestial Ray,
 To *Allen's* Breast congenial wing'd its Way ;
 Thro' his whole Soul th' inspiring Mission ran ;
 The Minister of Charity to Man.
 Fast by the Font salubrious rose that Dome,
 Where Pain and Poverty find Ease and Home.
 There lost his Scales, new Grace the Leper knows ;
 Thro' palsy'd Limbs reviving Vigour glows ;
 The votive Crutch, th' exulting Cripple shows,
 How much to *Allen*, and to Heaven he owes !
 These dumb with rising Gratitude sincere,
 My Muse, their Priests, pours this ardent Prayer.
 May Heaven its choicest———what shall I implore ?
 I cannot ask Addition to thy Store :
 Long Life wou'd but detain Thee from the Skies,
 Yet, for Mankind, let that Petition rise ;
 To shield the Orphan from th' Oppressor's Rod,
 And raise new Temples to the living God.
 Flow, *Severn*, flow, to distant Lands relate,
 Here lives Religion in one Bosom yet.

Not Thou, like *Rapax*, on that dreadful Day,
 Which from his Pelf shall snatch his Soul away;
 When the black Train of Villainy returns,
 And Hell, all Hell, within his Bosom burns:
 Who founds an Alms-House, from that impious Thought,
 That Heaven, like earthly Mansions, may be bought.
 Then more a Villain, than thro' all his Road,
 He thinks, with Money, Man may bribe his God.

From pure Benignity thy Bounty flows;
 Thy Wealth, the Wealth which Heaven itself bestows.
 Not won by Fraud, Oppression, Brib'ry Stealth;
 Lent Thee for others Good, for others Health.
 The Reservoir, where Streams collected flow,
 To pour Abundance on the Plains below;
 The waving Fields to fill with golden Grain,
 While dimpled Plenty glads the jocund Swain.

Perhaps you'll ask——and whence to me this Grace?
 You know me not; you never saw my Face.
 'Tis true. I write to Virtue in the Man,
 Born or in *England*, *Persia*, or *Japan*.
 In thousand Instances thy Worth I knew,
 Envy, unblushing, dares not say untrue.
 For know my Pride, this Pen shall e'er restrain,
 Nor praise the Weak, the Vicious, or the Vain;

The

The Great, the Rich, not ev'n the Learn'd and Wife,
 Who meanly sink, or impudently rise.
 Not *Littleton*, with Soul intuitive,
 The noblest Boon th' immortal Gods can give;
 Enrich'd with Gems from *Greek* and *Latian* Mines,
 With brilliant Truth, the fairest Gem that shines;
 But that his candid Soul humanely glows
 For others Joys, and weeps for others Woes.
 Steady I dare the Paths of Truth pursue;
 Even name those Faults the World has seen in you.
Harpax, who ne'er bestow'd one Farthing yet,
 Silly suggests, you give more than you get.
 The Vain, the Envious, Pander, Sharper, Knave,
 All who or madly spend, or sneaking save,
 To diff'rent Principles thy Works assign;
 The Friends of Virtue only Friends of Thine.
 Even I great Errors in thy Gifts can find,
 Thou err'st sometimes, thro' Love of all Mankind.

F I N I S.

